

I Can Read!

READING

2

WITH HELP

MOUSE SOUP



ARNOLD LOBEL

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 HarperCollins e-books

MOUSE

SOUP

BY ARNOLD LOBEL





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A mouse sat under a tree.

He was reading a book.

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A weasel jumped out and caught the mouse.

The weasel took the mouse home.

“Ah!” said the weasel.

“I am going to make mouse soup.”



“Oh!” said the mouse.

“I am going to *be* mouse soup.”

The weasel put the mouse in a cooking pot.

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“*WAIT!* ” said the mouse.

“This soup will not taste good.

It has no stories in it.

Mouse soup must be mixed with stories to make it taste really good.”

“But I have no stories,” said the weasel.

“I do,” said the mouse.

“I can tell them now.”

“All right,” said the weasel.

“But hurry. I am very hungry.”

“Here are four stories to put in the soup,” said the mouse.

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BEES AND THE MUD

A mouse was walking through the woods.

A nest of bees fell from a tree.

It landed on the top of his head.

“Bees,” said the mouse, “you will have to fly away.”

I do not want a nest of bees sitting on the top of my head.”



But the bees said, “We like your ears,
we like your nose, we like your
whiskers.

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Oh yes, this is a fine place for our nest.
We will never fly away.”



The mouse was upset.

He did not know what to do.

The buzzing of the bees was very loud.

The mouse walked on.

He came to a muddy swamp.

“Bees,” said the mouse, “I have a nest like yours.

It is my home.

If you want to stay on my head, you will have to come home with me.”

“Oh yes,” said the bees.

“We like your ears, we like your nose, we like your whiskers.

We will be glad to come home with you.”

“Very well,” said the mouse.

He stepped into the mud up to his knees.



“Here is my front door,” said the mouse.

“Oh yes,” said the bees.

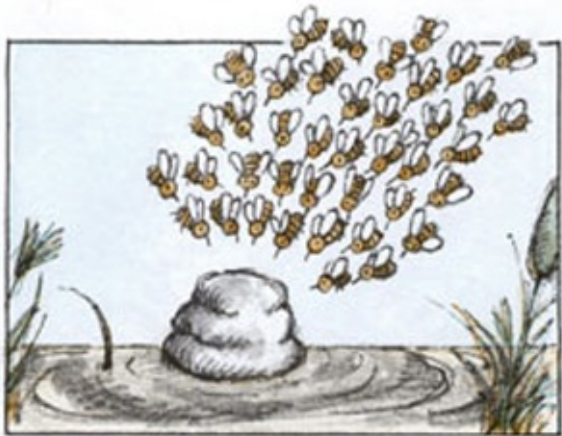
The mouse stepped into the mud up to his waist.

“Here is my living room,” said the mouse.

“Oh yes,” said the bees.

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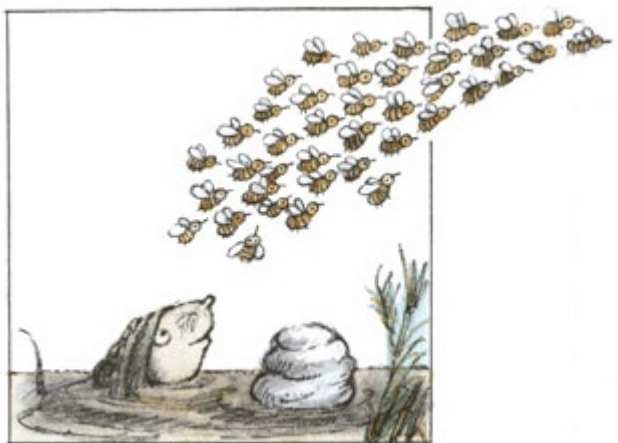




The mouse stepped into the mud up to his chin.

“Here is my bedroom,” said the mouse.

“Oh yes,” said the bees.



“And now I will go to sleep,” said the mouse.

He ducked his head under the mud.

“Oh no!” said the bees.

“We like your front door.

We like your living room.

We like your bedroom.

But no, no, no, we do not like your bed!” The bees jumped up into the air and flew away.

The mouse went home to take a bath.

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TWO LARGE STONES

Two large stones sat on the side of a hill.

Grass and flowers grew there.

“This side of the hill is nice,” said the first stone.

“But I wonder what is on the other side of the hill?”



“We do not know.

We never will,” said the second stone.



One day a bird flew down.

“Bird, can you tell us what is on the other side of the hill?” asked the stones.

The bird flew up into the sky.

He flew high over the hill.

He came back and said, “I can see towns and castles.

I can see mountains and valleys.

It is a wonderful sight.”



The first stone said, “All those things are on the other side of the hill.”

“How sad,” said the second stone. “We

cannot see them.

We never will.”

The two stones sat on the side of the hill.

They felt sad for one hundred years.





One day a mouse walked by.

“Mouse, can you tell us what is on the

other side of the hill?” asked the stones.

The mouse climbed up the hill.

He put his nose over the top and looked down.

He came back and said, “I can see earth and stones.

I can see grass and flowers.

It is a wonderful sight.”



The first stone said, “The bird told us a lie.

That side of the hill looks just the same as this side of the hill.”

“Oh good!” said the second stone.

“We feel happy now.

We always will.”





THE CRICKETS

One night a mouse woke up.

There was a chirping sound outside her window.

“What is that noise?” asked the mouse.

“What did you say?” asked a cricket.

“I cannot hear you and make my music at the same time.”



“I want to sleep,” said the mouse.

“I do not want any more music.”



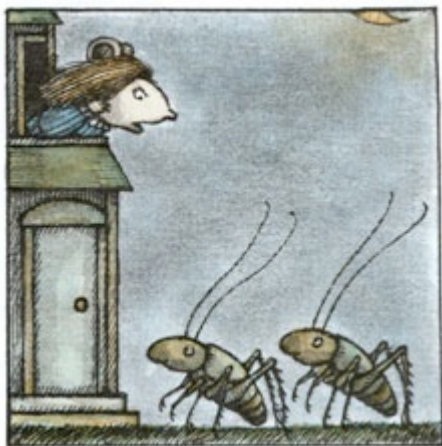
“What did you say?” asked the cricket.

“You want more music? I will find a friend.”

Soon there were two crickets chirping.

“I want you to stop the music,” said the mouse.

“You are giving me more!”





“What did you say?” asked the cricket.

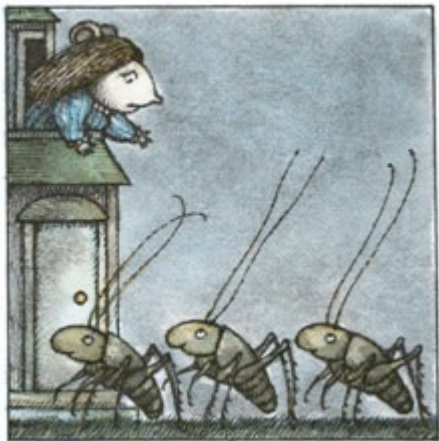
“You want more music? We will find another friend.”

Soon there were three crickets chirping.

“You must stop the music,” said the mouse.

“I am tired.

I cannot take much more!”



“What did you say?” asked the cricket.

“You want much more music? We will find many friends.”

Soon there were ten crickets chirping.

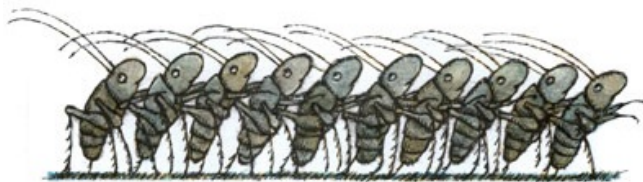
“Stop!” cried the mouse.

“Your music is too loud!” “Loud?”
asked the cricket.

“Yes, we can chirp loud.”



So the ten crickets chirped very loud.



“Please!” shouted the mouse.

“I want to sleep.

I wish that you would all “Go away?”
asked the cricket.

“Why didn’t you say so in the first
place?”

“We will go away and chirp
somewhere else,” said the ten crickets.

They went away and chirped
somewhere else.



And the mouse went back to sleep.

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THE THORN BUSH

An old lady went to the door of her house.

She was crying.

A policeman came running.

“Dear lady,” said the policeman, “why are you crying?” “Come in,” said the old lady.

“I will show you.”







“Look, there is a thorn bush growing in my living-room chair,” said the old lady.

“How did it get there?” asked the policeman.

“I do not know,” said the old lady.

“One day I sat down and something hurt me.

I got up.

There was the thorn bush.”



“You poor lady,” said the policeman.

“I will pull the thorn bush out of your chair.

Then you can sit down again.”

“No!” cried the old lady.

“Don’t do that! I do not want to sit down.

I have been sitting down all my life.

I love my thorn bush.

I am crying because it is sick.

See?” said the old lady.

“All of the branches are falling over.”

“The thorn bush may be thirsty,” said the policeman.

“Perhaps it needs water.”

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I never thought of that,” said the old lady.

She poured some water on the chair.

The thorn bush shivered and shook.

Green leaves came out on the branches.

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Little buds came out near the leaves.

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The buds opened up.

They became large roses.

“Thank you, kind policeman!” cried the old lady.

“You have saved my thorn bush! You have made my 41



house beautiful!” She kissed the policeman and gave him a big bunch of roses to take home.

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“There,” said the mouse.

“I have told you my stories.

They will make your mouse soup taste really good.”

“All right,” said the weasel, “but how can I put the stories into the soup?”

“That will be easy,” said the mouse.

“Run outside and find a nest of bees, some mud, two large stones, ten crickets, and a thorn bush.

Come back and put them all into the soup.”



The weasel ran outside very fast.

He forgot to close the door.

The weasel found a nest of bees.

He was stung many times.





The weasel found some mud.

It was wet and gooey.

The weasel found two large stones.

They were heavy.



The weasel found ten crickets.

He had to jump to catch them.

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The weasel found a thorn bush.

He was pricked and scratched.



“Now my mouse soup will taste really good!” said the weasel.

But when the weasel came back to his house, he found a surprise.

The cooking pot was empty.





The mouse hurried to his safe home.



He lit the fire, he ate his supper, and he finished reading his book.





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